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CHINOOK

By

FLORENS FOLSOM

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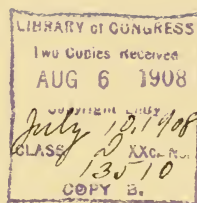
FLORENS FOLSOM

FIRST ACTING EDITION

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DEDICATION

“UNTO CÆSAR”

“There is some soul of goodness in things evil.” *Shakespeare—Henry VIII.*

“For therefore he that despiseth, despiseth not man, but God.”

Two voices—one appealing, one reassuring, sing, unseen, this hymn of J. C. Neale.—SECOND TUNE.

“If any man serve Me, let him follow Me, and where I am, there shall also My servant be.”

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
“Come to Me,” saith One, “and coming,
Be at rest.”

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.”

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
“Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past.”

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
“Not though earth, and not though heaven
Pass away.”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, “Yes.”

"Give me truths;
For I am weary of the surfaces,
And die of inanition."

"Blight"—Emerson.

"Only the kernel of every object nourishes;
Where is he who will tear off the husks for you and for me?"

Walt Whitman.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he [TAKE UP] his life
for his friends."

"INTERDEPENDENCE ABSOLUTE, FORESEEN, ORDAINED
DECREED,

To work, y'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed

Now, a' together hear them lift their lesson—theirs and mine.

"Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"

Mill, forge and try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose - - - -

That HOLDS, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction, waste an' slip - - -

"McAndrews' Hymn."—Kipling.

"Enorrmous, certain, slow"—

"McAndrews Hymn"—Kipling

CHINOOK

ARGUMENT

The scene is a tract of land between the Mohave Desert and fertile soil. Three men lie about a fire of thorn-boughs (chaparral); their horses, unsaddled and tethered for the night, stand in group back and to the left of the resting men.

These are Weenoa, the revenant soul of a woman, Old Pete, a veteran cattleman and horseman; Four-eyes, a young professor of Philosophy, playing cowboy for his health; and "Buck" Hobbs, the real thing in Western work and love and play. He lives there. Buck lights a long cigar; The Professor puffs jerkily at a cigarette.

THE PROFESSOR—'Sudden the desert changes,
'The raw glare softens and clings'—
'And the monstrous heaven rejoices'—
'Ah, Kipling, Kipling, you'd love it here, old boy!'

BUCK—Wal', don't you write and tell 'im so. If you wants to treat us WHITE, you'll do like I was readin' in King Solomon's mines, how they done in Africa when they wants to honor a party special.

They don't mention 'em to anyone; they cuts 'em out.

Don't you go to paintin' no PICTURE of us; ner to writin' no novels or STORIES about us, nor to tellin' your friends how nice and polite we took care on you and showed you around. Jest FORGIT us. We don't want this country to fill up any quicker'n its adoin' now. Every mornin' I wake and look around me I thanks God that round where I live usual the land's so all-fired barren, and hard to work, that it's likely to remain unsquatted on, and unspotted from the world, for a FEW years. Now we

don't want any come-back from your visit. We ain't a-askin' you importunate. 'Is there any more at home like you?'

THE PROFESSOR—Regarding Buck for some instants through his glasses with a specimen-inspecting attention, turns to a small saddle-hamper unstrapped and open beside him and begins, somewhat fussily, to unpack, arrange, and fit together his steel, aluminum and granite-ware Lares and Penates.

BUCK—Oh, Lord! Will you look at that now! Everything just what the occasion calls for. Tin cups to drink out'n and the spider for a dinner-saucer was good enough for the boys that made the West. And the coffee-pot—what is it?—a puzzle with a prize for fittin' the parts together?

THE PROFESSOR—Imperturbably, busying himself with his implements of cuisine and with the fire, which Old Pete is steadily and silently nursing and tending: The prize, my friend—

BUCK—I ain't your friend!

THE PROFESSOR—Is a cup of coffee rather better, I fancy, than your archaic, your Stone-Age utensils could afford you.

BUCK—And what's this bee-hive for? A toaster? And a alcohol lamp-stove that it's fittin' like a glove! Flap-jacks er grindstones ain't good enough for YOU—be they?

THE PROFESSOR, placidly—No, my friend! They are not. Toast assimilates with more readiness and harmony to my digestive processes.

BUCK—Your digestive processes be—

OLD PETE speaks, reaching for his pipe, filling and lighting her slowly:—

Well, boys, it's sure a strange land, this Western country. Changes comes sudden, here! D'ye mind how, when we pitched camp here for the night along o' the herd, how dry and dead an' dull ev'ything seemed? An' now—look about ye! All one blaze o' glow! The sky, a great big ruinin' rose o' red; violet mist a pourin' up from the earth through the cracks an' fissures o' that canyon yonder; an' in place o' the brown stubble we th'owed ourse'ves down on, millyons of little yaller flow'rs, sweeter to smell than jasmine! To be sure, the red o' the sky an' the blue o' the earth mist 'll be gone, pronto; the mat o' sweetness an' softness we're a lyin' on.—

Like a magic carpet of the ancient East!—broke in the Professor, softly.

OLD PETE—These here little yaller honey-blooms, they'll be stubble when the night-dew that woke 'em out of their brown coffins, dries from 'em in the sun again; but they're sweet while they last, boys—they sure is sweet while they last!

BUCK HOBBS: You're right, Pard—it *is* a funny country. Things move awful quick, out here, an' awful certain—they drives right home, an' HARD. YOU knows, Pete, how the snows come down out'n a clear sky; an' heap piles o' drift house-high, blottin' out the trails under tons of whiteness. Then, just as we're got used to ear-muffs and fur mittens, down comes Chinook from the hills.

THE PROFESSOR: What's—Chinook?

BUCK.—Chinook? Why, that's Injun for the Black Wind. It comes, soft, and warm an' wet an' meltin' down from the hills, an' it soaks and limbers up the hard old crusted ice an' the stiff thick snow,—until they jest naturally passes in their checques, an' isn't. In a few hours Chinook 'll wipe out a blizzard of days' length an' a powerful heft of weight and ugliness.

THE PROFESSOR—And it's warm, you say?

OLD PETE—Yes. Warm and wet and soft, like tears or blood. I often thinks, I wishes there could come Chinook on human hearts, loosenin' up their tightness an' their meanness, meltin' down cold stubborn hard-shelled Pride, openin' up the trails o' kindness an' gentle dealin', changin' dreariness an' deadness into green meddow and runnin' streams. But there ain't —no—Chinook—fer HUMANS.

The PROFESSOR, thoughtfully: Ah — — — Chinook. It occurs to me, that I heard of its equivalent in Europe—in the Alps. They call it there the Foehn—or rain-wind; and depend upon it to save the grapes in Autum, and to bring the Spring out from under Winter.

BUCK: Y' see, Stranger, the diff'rence, *one* diff'rence between you an' us is, you compares America with other countries; we makes em all measure up to America. You've travelled too much, Stranger; you'd oughter hev stayed at

at home, and got acquainted better with the country you were born into. — — — Buck, still interested in the disapproving of the Professor's impedimenta, fishes out certain tins at which he gazes with disgust.

BUCK: Tetley's Teas! Asparagus-tips! Pate de foie gras! *Napkins!* — — —

The PROFESSOR, (a trifle maliciously:) But one refinement you surely find lacking — — — tooth-picks.

BUCK: *You* to be a trav'ler with old salt-meat men! You're what they used to call a Cibberight, that's what *you* are.

The PROFESSOR blandly: A cosmopolitan may be a patriot, Sir. His country is the Universe; for th stars of his flag, the stars of the great ALL (pointing upwards) and it is to Humanity he swears allegiance, rather than to any despot or office grafter.

BUCK; drily: That's all very well; but where does a cosmopolitan — — — the brand you mention—pay taxes?

The PROFESSOR, with composure: Wherever, my friend, he meets an empty pocket that he ought to fill; a shivering, heart that he has the chance to warm; shackled hands to free or an under-Dog to help to his feet again.

Buck—shrugging his shoulders—You beat *me!*

The PROFESSOR: You speak of the men who made the West. Isn't the West still in the making? And mayn't she, at this rate and state of her development, need other tools than pick and drill, than saw and shovel and plow? Give the men of pen and page a chance to serve and love her! I am not so different from you as you think. Come through,—will you? What do you suppose I am here for? Would I have followed the 'feet of the young men;' think you, to this wilderness, unless I, too, had 'heard the Red Gods call?'

OLD PETE; sighing heavily: If you hears them things call up to you out'n your blood, don't you never listen to 'em; they'll lead you *wrong*.

BUCK HOBBS—(Aside to the Professor)—Mustn't mind Old Pete. He's had his troubles, an' he ain't got over 'em.

THE PROFESSOR—What sort of troubles?

BUCK—What's that you say, Stranger? You ask HIM.

THE PROFESSOR—You put it past me; eh? All right. I WILL.

OLD PETE—You don't need to, Stranger. I hearn you an' Buck colloquin' together. I'd as lieve tell ye, anyhow; our trails jine for to-night; yesterday you didn't know me an' to-morrow you'll have forgot me; an' Buck, he' 'n I have knowed one another fer years. He knows the whole o' me.—Long Pause.—

THE PROFESSOR—You were saying?

OLD PETE—(Mildly)—Nothin', then, Stranger. I wuz thinkin' o' her—her as I didn't value ner take keer on ner unnerstand—when I had her—an' now, she's lost to me.

THE PROFESSOR—What was she—like?

OLD PETE—Well, she was what some women used to be an' what they all ought to be. What they all WILL be, once they settles down to steady goin' again, an' forgits a lot of the half-baked truck they come home with now from their schools an' colleges!

THE PROFESSOR—Then you don't approve of the Higher Education for women?

OLD PETE—(Smoking steadily before removing his pipe:—Yes, sir; I does. But Higher Education, to me, means learnin' how to LOVE the most; and how to do the most for those she loves the best. You know, sir, (to the Professor)—women and men is made some plenty diff'runt; an' they's most their-selves, an' nearest to each other, too, when they is most unlike each other. At least, that's what I think.

BUCK—Tell us off that bit o' verse you scratched down fer me that night we lay out together on Bald Mesa, Pete. Foureyes 'ud like it. 'Scuse me, sir; but that's what the boys does call you.

THE PROFESSOR—I'm glad I've been thought worthy of a nickname. It's an accolade of manhood, from you boys.

OLD PETE—Rummaging round in his pockets—Can't find that scrap o' paper nowhere.

THE PROFESSOR—I didn't know you were a poet, Uncle Pete!

PETE—You didn't? Well; you know'n right then; cause
 I ain't. : Les' see, I guess this is how she goes:

RIDIN' HERD.

There's a many thing a man can do,
 An' be straight an' honest; white, an' true;
 There's a many things a man can be—
 Miner, farmer, ranger, *he!*—
 And if he's a *man*—straight out, clear through,
 Clean strain, to his type an' breedin' true,
 He'll show the same—and he'll play the Game
 By the Rules That Count—and they're big, and few

But (*I think*) for a *woman*, there's jest one thing—
 The broodin' breast, the shelterin' wing: - - - -
 I know, they *say*, that a woman's brain

Needn't chill her heart, tho' she train, and train,
 Into M. D. - - - Ph. D. - - - B. A. - - -
 But—*I'm* old-fashion'—
 Give *me* the way
 They used to be: tender, sof', and kind—
 Lullaby heart, sentinel mind!

There is just *one* thing for a woman to be—
 To suit old style, old fashion' me:
 That's, ridin' herd on the, children folk;
 Keepin' them safe; wisein' 'em broke
 To the rules of the Game—
 W'ich they *got* to know—
 Close-herdin' careful, patient, slow;
 Guidin' them in to waters clear,
 Brandin' them light—with a smile, a tear;
 Singin' them down to their quiet sleep,
 Easin' them up where the hill gets steep
 Near that round-up-AS YE SOW, YE REAP.
 What better job could a woman find
 For her most mature, most modern mind?

Herdin',
 Herdin',
 Herdin' the little weak, weary, *stumblin'* feet;
 Guerdon,
 Guerdon,
 Ye know whose lips have tasted, ye *know* how it is sweet!

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THE PROFESSOR—Softly—The broodin' breast, the shelterin' wing. Was she like that, Uncle Pete?

PETE—Yes, she were. She wuz an Indian gal. But, O! She were the smartest, the liveliest, the ablest woman I ever knew. Didn't talk, act, ner think, like a Injun. I marries her; an' we lives happy an' innocent an' good; an' has a son. An' then, I gets restless; wants more MONEY. So I stakes her out to a year's keep; there's plenty meat in the cache and there's furs enough on the shack walls to keep 'em warm in winter; an' so, I goes. I aims fer the Klondike; but Dyea gits me. A noospaper chap wuz caught thar with the rest o' us; he sets out with me one night when I quits the games the other boys wuz playin'; an' he writes this. It wuz true.

HALFWAY TO KLONDIKE.

— — —

I.

Five thousand of us caught and crammed
in this yere one-horse town—
Five thousand of us crazy men—a-stompin'
up an' down
Er cowerin' on frozen logs, an' cryin'—while
our tears
Freeze stiffly in our hollow cheeks to shame us—
but who keers?
We're all in the same boat, boys, thur
ain't no use in lyin'—
A-cussin' an' a-cryin', a-starvin' an' a-dyin'—
God! but we're hungry an' we're cold!

II

I was thinkin' as I sat to-night an' watched
the shinin' stars,—
The only things 'at's clean around this
trampled town of ours,—
Was thinkin',—'Spose we *do* pull through,
an' strike a Klondike claim,
Wil't pay us fer the time we've had
down here—fer all the shame
O-cussin' an' a-cryin', o'starvin' an' o'-dyin'—
God! bein' played-out, bein' cold!

III

I've cradled at a rocker hip-high in icy slush,
 Er, trailin' up the Yukon, yelled freezin' dogs to
 "Mush!"

I've seen my shafts and props go down 'neath
 gravel, stones, and sand,

Undoin' what I'd sweated for fer months with
 back and hand—

Yet, through it all, I've knowed the most a man
 can do, is jest

Enough to make him half-way fit to draw into
 his breast

A woman what is on the square; and fer a kid to
 buy

The toys an' grub kids ought to have. — — —
 But as for me, I'll *die*

In this here devil's wilderness — — — In this
 here rotten hole — — —

God ! But its lonely! and its col' !

FLORENS FOLSOM.

THE PROFESSOR—But you didn't die.

PETE—Not my body, didn't. But the Me part o' me died
 up thar in Alaska; I strikes a claim at last, an' I makes good.
 An' I hauls out fer home—but not, home with Weenoa. No,
 that ain't good enough fer me, no more. I has had mosquitoes
 a-chawin' my face off; an' the cold a-eatin' o' my feet; an'
 I has lived (too long!) on stale bad mouldy stuff,
 and drunk too much cheap whisky. An' I'm changed,
 somehow, inside; changed *WRONG*. I'm a wolf—I'm a
 hawk—I'm a kyoty. I wants to git my claws an' my
 teeth in *PLEASURE*—in bein' thought good o' by the worl'; in
 bein' like other fellers what has struck it rich. So I forgets
 Weenoa, an' my kid. I drifts down at last into Texas; an' I
 finds a girl with money; an' good looks; her father, he owns a
 ranch I'd like to boss; an' I makes up to her. It's her birthday.
 An' its barbecue an' gen'ral festivities on the ranch. All the
 Mexicans her father keeps, an' the Americano boys he pays an'
 eats with, they is breakin' brones and shootin' an' dancin'
 an' singin' to amoose her an' win her favor. An' I wades in,

an' breaks the devilest hoss. An' she smiles on me; an' waves a bright color scarf—her mother's Spanish—an' I rides up to her, like one o' them thar ole knight-chaps at a tourn'ment. An' jest afore I reaches her, I draps with a shot through my haid. Weenoa, she walks out, slow, from the greasewood where she been sittin' all day with the gun I left her when I went away, loaded 'cross her knee—a dago who didn't want me to git the girl. tole me afterward he seen her—Weenoa, she walks out, slow; smokin' gun in hand, an' stands over me, lookin' down on me straight an' steady. Her hands is folded on her breast. An' though the Sheriff o' the county himse'f is there, ther' ain't a man makes a play to lay his hands on her. Somethin' come out from her, I raickon', an' kep' 'em off. Now I isn't hurt so bad—I thought I wuz dyin'—but what I remembers my wantin' the girl to ad-mire me; so I says, "Weenoa, I FORGIVES YOU." But that gallery play don't faze her none. No, SIR! You cain't forgive ME, Pete, says she, awful quiet an' still. Nor you mustn' mistake what I'm adoin' o' this fer. I'm a queerin' yer play here acause it ain't RIGHT fer you to let it go on; 'cause yer needs to have it stopped; you needs to be put out o' business. I'm here 'acause I loves you—an' 'acause I wants to meet you, farther on. But it's good bye fer now, fer keeps, so fur as this life's conserved. Yon cain't fergive ME, Pete.

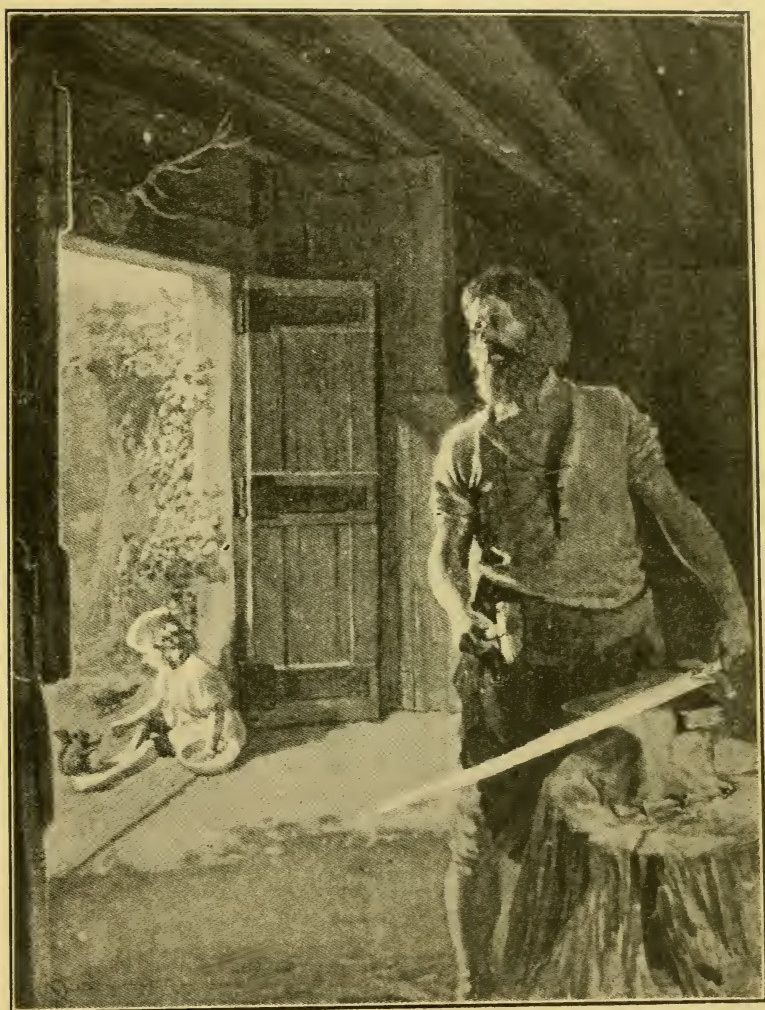
'The kid's dead. A b'ar got him, Pete. The meat, it gives out; an' I takes the gun an' goes out to shoot some more; it comes on to snow heavy; I is caught out all night; when I gits back in the mornin'; the sun's shinin'. And it shows me the shack door busted in; an' the bed all tumbled; an' a black b'ar a' sittin' on the door-step—chawin' on somethin' bloody.—I kills the b'ar.—I don't know how! I burns the shack. I trails you to here; through the timber; an' I kills you. Or I MEANS to kill you; an' now, I'm a'goin' after the kid. You won't meet up with us. You cain't fergive me, Pete! She don't never raise her voice ner take her eyes off'n me. 'The kid's a-waiting fer ME Pete,' she says; 'not you. He's waitin' an' I'm a'goin' to him. Goodbye, Pete, fer KEEPS!' An' she turns the muzzle o' the gun onto her breas'—the' ain't a man moves his hand to stop her—an' she fires, an'—goes.—When I gits—well, I makes

over what I brings from Alaska to the girl, an' I lights out. Sheep-herdin', trappin', tradin'; I has tried 'em all. I prospcets around in the hills now, alone. I'm a seekin' the mother lode o' forgetfulness; but I can't never find it; 'tis only jest placer-minin' as I'm good fer; on'y jest shaller pockets here an' thar o' drink and sleep. I can't fergit Weenoa an' my kid; an' that scene in the shack at the dawn.

While Old Pete is talking, Weenoa appears, from behind a juniper tree. She is dressed as when she died, in buckskins faded and torn; two red quills are in her dark hair; which falls, waving, either side of her face and upon her shoulders. There is a red stain above her heart. She extends her arms toward Pete, moving nearer and nearer towards him, as he talks of their past. As he draws near the end of his speaking his head sinks, and his hands goes up and cover his face. Buck Hobbs is staring fixedly into the fire, the lines of his grim bronze face rigid and set. The Professor has long since shaded his eyes with his hands, his body half turned away from Pete. Neither of them see Weenoa. At last, she leans above Pete; around his shoulders, shaken with sobbing, she bends like an enfolding mist. She lays one hand gently on his head, regarding him with a yearning tenderness.

She disappears—They rouse themselves, as from a dream.

OLD PETE—An' I don't even drink much, any more. Coffee-pot an' bean-pot an' fryin'-pan; tin fer me to mix bread in an' fer the burros to drink out'n—that's all I got o' HOME. I wuz'nt wuth a woman an' kids an' a house; but—I has WANTED 'em bad! Last night—funny how I happens to meet up with strangers twiced in a week—don't often come so!—the' wuz a chap rides sudden out'n the bresh, an' asks ef he kin eat bacon an' sour-dough 'longside o' me—arter he's cooked his own. I says fer him to pitch into MINE—so he does. An' arter eatin', he lays back on his slicker an' saddle rolied up under his haid on the sand, an' he reels off this piece to me:



HOME FOLKS.

A chap was askin' to-day o' me
 What-like mought be my Fam'ly Tree;
 An' where was my Home Folks: Far away?
 They *always* be! sighs this chap, to-day.

And I says to him, Far away?—*Right here:*
 You're one of 'em now; so's this baby, near
 To my heart, on my lap, in my arms: all round
 Is my Home Folks: Everywhere there's ground!
 I lives 'cross the way from, next door to
 EVERYONE livin' and so, does YOU!

My Fam'ly Tree?
 W'y, I loves *all* trees:
 They sure is *sweet*, in a little breeze
 Stirrin' and shakin' to and fro,
 Rockin' their nests sort of sof', and slow; - - - -
 Birds and squirrels and sech-like things
 Belongs to trees; an' old rope swings—
 (I likes these best!) and apples red;
 But I guess, if it's got to be's you said,
 And to every chap's a pedigree,—
 Why slap *me* down the *Christmas* tree!

For that's the day of the year to me—
 When it blooms, in the summer of love and fun,
 When the best o' neighborly things gets done,
 When with lights and candy and toys it blows
 'To the joyousest growth trees *ever* knows:
 So give me the Christmas tree for mine—
 I don't come o' no noble line:

My folks all worked, and was home folks, plain:
 There ain't a 'ristocratic strain
 In all o' me,—search me, vein by vein!—
 I was born a kid an' a kid I'll die:
 I like kids best, an' I'll tell you why!
 THEY don't think it pays 'em to cheat and lie: - :
 They's the only sensible folk alive: ;
 They knows they wuz born to swim an dive,
 Climb an' run an' play games an' laugh;
 An' they tends to business, not for *half*,

But for *all* o' their time! : : : : :
 So give to me - - - -
 When you're dealin' down my pedigree,
 Jest any old common Christmas tree!

That's what I tole that tourist chap:
 I'd Kelly's youngest on my lap;
 An' when he was gone, she says to me,
 "I guess *I* belongs in your Family Tree"
 I says to her, "Little one, you sure do!"
 Kelly, he growls out, "Count *me* in, too!"

: FLORENS FOLSOM.

I likes that last-night feller a whole lot. An' I aims to travel with him farther 'long the Road; the road that's jest gray waves of sage-bresh an' white streaks an' splotches o' alkali; greasewood an' sand an' cactus; the road that's sometimes most roofed over by the hoverin' wings o' vultures—waitin'—fer men to die; the road that dust-devils whirls on, tossing tumbleweed an' bunchweed like froth an' spray before 'em; the road that hot winds scorch; that's travelled by trantlers an' prickley-backed horned toads, an' crawlin' pink-black Gilas—fer all the world like things Injuns makes out'n bead-work, Gilas is. The road that's all blind-trails er rabbit-paths; er trampled yearth around an' EMPTY spring! I wakes up, this mornin', thinkin' I'll have a comrade on my way; but my bunkie's gone. That's all my life has been—a-goin' from, a partin'.

FOR EVERY SEPARATION, A MEETING, says the Lord Buddha, said the Professor, softly.

Well, as I said afore, went on Pete—who had not heard the Professor speak,—thar ain't no Chinook fer human hearts. Me a' thinkin' myself some Rockies above Weenoa cause I had a white skin an' she hadn't, 'cause I's a man an' she a woman. No the' ain't, etc.

His head drops on his breast—Long pause.

BUCK—I takes exception from your remark, Pete. I says thar is a Chinook fer humans. Yer wife's gun shot druv *YOUR* Chinook in home to you—your black wind; an' it wuz a black wind fer fair, old pardner; it sure wuz. W'y—I've knowed you

twenty years; we been mates on every kind of job and projeck; an' I never found ye a false alarm, me knew ye to show yellow. No, ye needn't shake yer head an' scowl, it's dead true. If you ever wuz a cur, an' I believe ye wuz, acause ye says so, it wuz afore I knowed yer; it wuz afore she fired that thar pistol shot. She wuz right, that WHITE woman o' yourn; it takes a hefty kind of love—it takes the BIGGEST kin'—to commit a crime fer the sake of the one you keef for. An' thank God there's those as is capable of sinnin' the right way, at the right time,"

Amen!

"Blessed am I beyond women even herein,
That beyond all born women is my sin,
And perfect my transgression," quoted the Professor,
softly.

OLD PETE—Who said that, Stranger?

THE PROFESSOR—A very wonderful woman—a blood-sister of your Weenoa. She was called Iseult of Tintagel. Swinburne spoke for her; she told him what to say, and how to say it.

PETE—Was she an Indian gal, too?

PROFESSOR—She was a child of Nature; and of God. What matters the color of the skin? Red or black, yellow, brown, white, they are but the prism-hues of the fleshly spectrum through which the soul passes from birth to death, through death to birth again. Weenoa will meet you, Pete, after you cross the bridge again, in as fair a skin as her soul—her heart, are fair.

BUCK—Say, I've often had such ideas as that, myself—that I've lived afore—been afore among these hills—lain out on these plains—ridden over this desert country. I met a Hindu chap in London—when—I wuz there—a sort of occult sharp; he told me funny things. I got quite chummy with him; I went to hear him speak in a hall, an' I looked him up. He wuz'nt too proud to be pals with me. He said he'd been my sort so many times he had no call to stick up over me now that he'd got ahead a bit. I wuz a-tellin' him about this here Western country; about the disappearin' rivers, that sinks into the sand and isn't seen no more, an' the colored rocks; an' the queer

shapes and figers in the Colorado Canyon; an' he says, Ah—the Grand Canyon, Shiva's Temple—Vishnu's Temple—many of those river-chiselled forms are named for the gods, the worship of my land. ALL ARE ONE, says he, ALL ARE ONE. Say, Professor, what did he mean? I kind of unnerstand, an' then I don't; its like a bright mist floatin' nearer—nearer—an' then, it's off, away.

"HE GOES FROM DEATH TO DEATH, WHO SEES THOSE MANY HERE. SEE THAT ONE, AND BE FREE." Did the Hindu say that? asked the Professor.

He sure did, sir. An' another thing he recited some frequent I AM HE; I AM HE; AN' SO ART THOU. Say, I guess that chap wuz my Chinook. He wuz sure dark enough to be! An' I wuz black, too, when I met him; an' 'twuz he tole me about Bob. He seen him kickin' about the Lon'on streets. He took me to where the old feller hung out mostly—'twuz under a ole stoop in an empty house—an' Bob, he took to me from the start. That brown chap, he wuz a corker, every way. He writ a sort of pome about Bob an' me an' a pal o' mine. A Lon'on paper printed it. I guess I got it here.

MISSIONARY BOB.

'ou're wonderin' what's kep' me out' n jail
This ten year, Mate; what's built me strong an' hale
While you are pale as I was; an' your eyes
Are shifty-like an' starvin'.

I "despise"

My old pal, 'cause he's what I used to be?
Don't think it, Bill; you've seen too much of me!

When, leavin' you to ten year more o' "Hard,"
I come out where the sunshine warn't barred,
The thing I needed most, arter free air,
Was - - - just a hand to grip mine.

Bill, I swear

There ain't *no* feelin's bad like that there chill
 Of knowin' you ain't got no place to fill
 In all the bloomin' world; that no one cares
 A damn, whether you keep on makin' chairs
 Or sneak it kack to stealin'. You've been there;
 Till you seen me, a-waitin' for you there
 Outside the jail, you felt that chill for fair!

When *I* come out, with nowhere I could go,
 No folks to find, I hoofed it high an' low
 Just loafin'; bitter-black hate in my heart
 Against the world what branded me, apart
 From decentness an' squareness—just acause
 I'd been an' broke two o' their bloody laws!
 But Bob—I've learnt a straighter creed from him—
 When he's been fightin', an' 'has had his whim,
 He lays down to his thrashin'—knowin' well
 He earnt it, an' it's his, no cheat ner sell!

For weeks no human Christian spoke to me
 Excep' they had to—er for money.

He—

He come to me for likin'—'twar'nt for grub—
 He eats the least you ever see—hey, Bub?
 You ain't no café sport, no wine-list dub;
 You eats what I eats an' you likes it, too;
 What's good enough for me is best for you!

How did I get so healthy? Well, you see,
 Bob's a big hulking fellow, just like me;
 He warnt allowed in trams;—no more ain't I—
 Nor nowhere there ain't room for him to lie
 As close as he can crowd agen my feet.
 I seen how in the parks the birds "Tweet, tweet!"
 An' the good air, an' best of all, the grass
 To run on, took him right into his class;
 Made his old tail stand straighter; stifled his ears,
 An', - - - O, he *liked* it!—

So, we left the piers,

Where we'd a corner. Two o' us, we went
 Down to pick hops in this here green old Kent
 Where we've stayed ever since. I turned my hand
 To every sort of job: but, 'Unnerstand,
 I don't do nuffin'; 'cept my dog can be

Right alongside, close-companing o' me!
 I says to every man what hires me.
 An' I worked reg'lar — — — so's to buy clean meat,
 (Not scraps) to feed him with. That's all!
 Here's Pete,

A pup I got agen your coming-out;
 You feed him good, an' he'll grow strong and stout,
 An' (bein' a bull) won't look at none but you. — — —
 I tell you, Mate, there ain't *no* friend so true
 As dogs is. I believe that they was made
 For fellers what have gone the pace — — — an' *paid*.—
 An' no one wants 'em round — — — but *dogs* don't care;
 They love you just the same, no matter where
 You been, or what you done, or who you be. — — —
 Here, take your pup; best keep him off'n me;
 Bein' so little's all that saves him. Bob's
 A jealous cuss.

Now Bill, off to your job!

FLORENS FOLSOM.

THE PROFESSOR—Ah, most extraordinary. Ram Chunder Singh has evidently not forgotten HIS cockney incarnation. May I ask, my friend Hobbs, if the er—circumstances hinted at—er—the condition of your finances—er—had you been in jail, over there?

Pete ejaculates.

BUCK—O, what's the use, Pete? He don't know no better. Say, Stranger, I guess I'll have to spring another screed on you. I found this to-day in the Tucson "Breeze" an' it sure made me think o' you. Come up a-nearer the fire; it's gittin' colder. To-day wuz hot an' to-morrow 'll be hotter; but to-night's—cold. It's always so, on the desert.

OLD PETE—Nights is cold, so folks 'll draw together, Buck. Days is hot, so they'll stay apart long enough to do their work. Ain't that so, sir?

I reckon, Pard. Well, listen at me now. See ef this ain't Foureyes to ther life:

THE TENDERFOOT. AN' ME.

The Tenderfoot, he ain't so much; I ain't eenamored of him none;
 Cain't work a horse er throw a rope, don't savvy herdin; shirks a gun.
 In every fake he sights a snake,—a twisted tree—tail of a cow;
 And *that's* durn strange; fer on the range we cain't buy liquor, *any* how.

He to a T how things should be kin tell you; how they ought to go;
 For he has read, and heard it said, that they should pro-ceed so and so;
 But just to sit and watch things fit, smoke up and take life easy like;
 He cain't do that—grabs for his hat; and ups the mountain for a hike.
 The Tenderfoot, he makes me tired; he somehow raises me on aidge;
 And when we climb, I all the time am rakin' snakes snakes f'um every ledge
 Because he once heard of a man whose niece died of a rattler's bite; — — —
 I think the Tenderfoot and me is, somehow, spoilin' for a fight!

Well I don't know. If I should go East, whar he comes f'um, I would be
 The Tenderfoot, just like he is out here, where all is home to me;
 I'd be as awk'ard, strange and queer, as he is; an', I s'pose I'd try
 To find the why of everything, like *he* does; on'y, I'm so shy,
 I *couldn't* ask the things he asks—'cause if I did, I shore should die.

They takes his breaks with desp'rite calm; they makes allowance, 'cause he's raw;
 But if *I* once should start such stunts I sure would make the fellers sore;
What was your name before t'was James? What did you do before you come.
When was it, you did time? And is your trouble gin or rum?
 Out here!

Well, when he's here about a year he'll swing in line and hit our pace;
He ain't in wrong; he don't *belong*; he only needs to know the place
And us; and, most of all, his se'f. Once he gets wise to these, he'll be
True pard and chum; from questions dumb, a sho-nuff pal o' Pete and me.

FLORENS FOLSOM.

BUCK—It's no trick at all to ask folks business, friend. It ain't done, here. Say, d'ye know it's better to be a empty bottle corked than a full bottle spillin' an' soppin' over; cause the empty bottle's cleaned out an' ready fer business, an' the full one ain't. It's got to be soused out an' fitted with a fastener—and tthe steel an' the cork of that topper, they ain't come by easy. No, they ain't.

That is true, my friend, said the Professor gravely. But please, don't misunderstand my asking you if you'd been in jail in England. Something made me feel you had been. But if you had—if you have been in jail—on any count—what difference do you suppose that makes to me? Only—*this*. (Grips hands with Buck.) I feel, about that, just the way Bob does. Divine Law no mistakes; but Human Law, its clumsy instrument, is a very different matter. It's not curiosity makes me ask questions. It's because I'm *cold* — — — out of it all; and because I want to get warm.

PETE—Say, Professor, we're kin' o' friendly here, under the stars an' the moon; the fire sort o' ties us in together; we been talkin' kinder free. Buck, he says, there's a Chinook comes to every man. What wuz yours, friend? Mine, Buck says,—an' I guess he comes pretty nigh to hittin' it right—wuz the powder an' shot of my wife's pistol; an' his wuz Bob. I think his Hindu friend wuz on'y the corner o' the hills where his Chinook started from. I always wanted to know where he got Bob. Seven years that old pup has slep' jes where he's sleepin' now—clost to Buck's feet, his head under Buck's hand. Yes, Bob wuz Buck's Chinook. Stranger,—what wuz yours?

THE PROFESSOR—Gently and musingly—A child's breath on my cheek—and a child's tears.

PETE—Your own child, Mate?

THE PROFESSOR—No.

BUCK—Whose, then? Tell us, Pard; tell us. Yer sister's child?

PETE—Your brother's?

THE PROFESSOR—Yes. The sorrowful, abandoned and forsaken child of some human sister of mine, some human brother. I found Jack, pretty much as Buck found Bob. Don't ask me just how, or where, I found him.—Long Pause.

BUCK—Whar is the kid? I'd sure like to learn him to ride an' shoot, an' swim. I will, too, by God I will. Whar is he?

THE PROFESSOR—laying a restraining hand on Buck's arm.—Perhaps, where Weenoa is, Buck. I couldn't keep him, only for just five years. But in those five years he taught and gave, O boys, so much to me!

PETE—Then I'm sorry, son, I'm plumb sorry. I'd have liked to 'a seen the little feller—an' given him bits of pretty colored rocks to play with—an' nuggets—such like truck. I shore would. I'd a taught him prospectin',

"Well, you'll have a chance to do all those things, boys, since if you wish them so strongly and so generously. The Self grants to every soul, every chance of loveliness, of goodness, that it craves."

PETE—The Self?

THE PROFESSOR—The God in us—in each of us—that from which we came, to which we must return. That which made Weenoa shoot you—Bob stick to Buck—That which made Jack love me. It isn't easy to love me. I found that out.

BUCK—Laying his hand over the Professor's—Can't you—hev children of your own, Brother?

PROFESSOR—No child of mine, in the sense you mean, Buck, could be more mine than Jack was—than he is. Thank God he is—he is! You see, I've always asked too many questions; been too eager; I've frightened away from me what I wanted most. My wife couldn't love me—and I stopped trying to make her. I let her go out from me—to happiness.

Since we're all reeling off rhymes to-night, in the absence of Manuel's guitar,—how well he played last night! And to-night, how better he must be playing among the roses to Nina! As we're all three of us troubadours to-night, I'll tell you a verse myself.

BECOMING.

As the Self grows strong, and stronger,
 Form and name exist no longer;
 Place and time are quite forgot,
 Space, sex caste, code, creed, *are not*:
 Past forgiveness; past offense;
 Unexpecting permanence
 In relations based on sense,
 Holds the Soul to *every* tie
 With steel-true fidelity:
 Letting go all loves which strain
 To be free, to love again,
 Elsewhere; otherwise; anew:—
 But the Soul That Knows, *holds TRUE*.

Doing, not for wage and fee,
 In no stress of rivalry,
 But because your work demands
All: your *best*!—from heart, brain, hands:
 Giving, from the Me of Me
 To the Thou-art—*THAT* of thee—
 Loving, deep, and wide, and high,
All who live: *all*, who shall die.

Undesiring, unasserting,
 Far, beyond the power of hurting;
 Laboring hard, or resting still
 'Neath the impress of that Will
 Pulsing through our selves like reins
 From that Centre which restrains,—
 Or,—impels and urges on — — —
 So, the Fight of Life is won!

FLORENS FOLSOM.

That's why I set my wife free, boys. She never was mine, really. But she will be, sometime; BECAUSE I LET HER GO; and I'm going to deserve her loving me 'farther on,' as Weenoa said.

BUCK—God! You ain't no Tenderfoot, Pard!

PROFESSOR—O, yes, I am, boys. In lots of ways. I lisp and stammer, and blush; and I'm lame; a sickly, mollycoddish sort of half-baked imitation of a man—

PETE—Thar—hold on—that's enough. I says, you're a MAN—to do what you done. I'm glad to know you. Our trails, they don't split to-morrow; they goes on together, to the same one pace. Ef so be's you'll hev me fer a trail-mate.

BUCK—An' me.

PROFESSOR—Thank you ,thank you, boys! May I tell you another thing I—read, once somewhere?

PETE—An' wrote, too, Son.

THE PROFESSOR—Well—er—er

SINGLE FILE.

O God,—Life's loneliness!—

We enlist and march in companies, in squadrons and in troops:

We bivouac, bunk and feed in close drawn comrade groups;

We crowd round snapping fires, we jostle shoulders warm,

But we can't forget Out Yonder — — — the Darkness, and the Storm!

O God, Life's loneliness!

We grasp the hand of a comrade — — — Does his *soul meet* ours as well?

We press the lips of a woman; Does she yield All to Love's spell?

O, the barriers, reservations 'twixt human soul and soul!

The strange, dim films that verge us from merging in one Whole

We think we are known to our dearest; we think we are understood;
Then a word cleaves through to our marrow; we draw o'er our heart a hood
To shield and hide from our dearest what they might wound in play,
In malice, want of tact—*I made a mistake*, we say.

And, after, we guard our speech, repress with an iron hand;
Make smooth, bland masks of our faces. For there's none to understand!
We thought to march abreast, a palm to our palm clasped warm;
But it's a Single File and Lockstep, and the Darkness, and the Storm!

Yes—it's Lockstep for awhile, till we learn to walk alone;
The shoulder that we lean on, we will find it cold as stone;
The flesh that rests against us, that we support and bear,
This will send a generous glow throughout you, Help-and-Share!

There is none can make us happy; there is none can keep us glad;
Out from ourselves it came, each good we have and had:
As long as we give a gift, and look for its due return,
It is Single File and Lockstep, and the wage we guage and earn.

As long as we fish for Love, even with Love for bait: as long
As we squirm in our misfit holes, square pegs in a circle's thong:
As long as we nurse resentment, or greed, or discontent,
It is Single File and Lockstep; Quarantine upon your tent!

The only way to break Lockstep—to really march abreast,
Is to wait for orders calmly; on the will of the leader rest:
To give, without thought of meed; to love, expecting naught;
For the quarry flees the hunter, and the seeker scares the Sought.

The films of Self that part us, no knife shall shear them through,
Save ceasing to reckon difference between high Me, low You:
Save the large, pitying spirit, too great for petty spites,
Beyond, above ambition, desire, claims and rights:

Only the Soul ascending, the soul from Self set free,
 Shall blend with other selves, erase the You, the Me:
 He who is all unselfish shall enter, fuse and blend
 With every self: he only true lover is, staunch friend.

He has found the work he was made for; does what he
 he was meant to do;
 No doors are shut against him who blurs sharp "I" and "You:"
 He meets with no resistance; he is forbidden naught;
 The mountain seeks Mahomet; to the Seeker comes the Sought.

Because his heart is single, complexities and lies
 Open themselves to him; naught's hidden from his eyes;
 Because he was strong in himself with cheerful, brave content,
 And *kept* the Quarantine red-crossed upon his tent,

At last he is given his mate, to keep, for his very own;—
 Never again to be lonely; never to be alone!
 He is given a palm to hold against his own palm,—warm—
 And for them no more are Lockstep, the Darkness, and the
 Storm!
 O God, Life's comradeness!

FLORENS FOLSOM.

BUCK—That's true.—Mate, what did you jest exactly
 mean, by sayin', awhile back, We comes from God, an' we goes
 back to Him? I knows what you mean—an'—I doesn't. Will
 you tell me?

THE PROFESSOR—I'll try to—if you 'll let me tell you my
 own way. I cannot walk without halting. But the wings of
 rhythm sometimes lift me for a little from my mire of ineffec-
 tiveness, my falling short of all I try towards:

THE FLIGHT OF THE ATOMS.

There is something in each of us stronger than Fate;
 Than Life—than Death—than fear; loss; hate;
 There is something in each of us keen and clear
 As a sword in the sun; something to revere;
 This something, in most of us, lies asleep;
 And piled upon it, a rubbish-heap :
 Of the things we think are ourselves—the mean,
 Pitiful, paltry spites and spleen,
 Shabby self-saving, plan and plot;—
 We think we are these — — — but we're not—we're not!

Brothers, you each should stride a king;—
 Why to base market your best selves bring?
 Bending and cringing, vending all,
 Bearing the yoke, wearing the thrall
 Of worldly uses and greed and guide — — —
 Wake. Arise! Stretch yourselves! Smile!
 Think of your chances wide and great;
 You can cherish a wife. You can fill the plate
 And can warm the sleep of children dear;
 Why *should* you be angry? What should you fear?

Women, sisters, you're each a queen;
 Why should you ever be small and mean?
 Be breasts to lean on; arms to fold
 The weary and weak from care and cold;
 Be lips to kiss, not tongues to tear;
 Sisters, women, love — — — forbear!
 There is something, in each of us, stronger than Fate;
 Than Life; than Death; than fear; loss; hate;
 That something stirs in you now; it turns
 In its slumber heavy; it burns; it burns;
 Let it scorch through *dull* layer, through leaden crust;
 It will free you out to God: it must!
 From Him we came on His outward Breath;
 Atoms whirling through birth, through death;
 The suck of the spiral backward draws,
 Upward: we're borne by mighty laws
 Inward, in, to our source, — — — our Cause.

THE MASTER-WORKMAN'S KIT OF TOOLS.

God uses jealousy and lust,
 Revenge and greed and hate,
 To bring about His purposes;
 Sin's His subordinate.

He uses these to one end—Love.
 They work, and serve Him well;
 Hell beds His Chosen; that there be
 Some day, no more a Hell.

No thief but has an honest *heart*—
 No murderer but *is* kind;—
 Whate'er the lying surface be,
 Look under; look behind!

Only deaf ears hear hopelessness,
And only blind eyes weep;
The voice that wounds is but untaught;
But new feet wrong trails keep.

Pity the cruel; and those sick
With the disease of hate,
Those who seize, trample, and devour— - - -
O! - - - - these compassionate!
Yet these but take the Long Way Round;
By them, too, shall be trod
The radiant way that leads the stray
To the Rodeo of God.

FLORENS FOLSOM.

PETE—That's God's truth, boy. Yes, thar does come a Chinook on *every* human heart. Thar's no escapin' it; it comes in various forms; but it comes, and it shore does its work.

We've had a kin' of a FUNNY talk, boys. What the ladies calls a heart-to-heart. An' seein' we knows each other so well, now, I don't mind a-tellin' you what I sees every livin' night. I don't sleep much, since I got old, fer thinkin'.

THE PROFESSOR—'For the end of it's sittin' an' thinkin',
'An' dreamin' hell-fires to see;
'So be warned by my lot—which I know you will not,
'An' learn about livin' from me.'

PETE—That's it, boy, that's it! Who said that?

THE PROFESSOR—Kipling.

BUCK—He wuz shore onto his job. That Hindu cracker-jack, he told me off Kipling by the yard. Them Indian pieces o' his'n—he liked them better'n all—they got at him whar he lived. Say, Pete, you're often tole an iron stain wuz the best indication o' gold. That brown chap, he had gold under his dark skin—he sure had!

OLD PETE—Boys, I guess you all believes what I believes—though I suspicion you knows more'n I do, both on you. I reckon Christ is Christ to all on us—ain't that so? I knowed it! Well, boys, he's very near an' close to me. Nights, I seems to see Him a-riding over the sea o' sand—he walked on water,

oned. A camp-chum o' mine fer three nights, he tole me about a place he called the Sargasso Sea; it's a kin' of a stagnant whirlpool like, all thick with long-rooted weed; and the tangle stuck full o' ships what has went wrong. The desert's like that, full o' human souls what has wandered from the Trail an' lost their bearins'. But, even here, the Man is ridin' herd:—

The Man is ridin' herd. It's night; the stars and the city's pleasure-lights are bright; many are sleeping; home-windows are dark; but He rides herd. Wide and far he rides; for his Trail is the World; and until we **ALL** are sheltered, fed, and safe, He cannot rest. His lariat swings coiled at His saddle-horn; He hears across oceans the faintest cry of hearts that want him; street or canyon is one to him; prairie and square He rides. Many work under Him; and He trusts them; and His pay is high; but He believes in bein' on the job Hisse'f, first, last, an' **ALL** the time.

There is none so fast but He can ride 'em down; His mount ain't never blown; don't never catch his hoof in gopher-holes; takes scare from nothing. What's the use o' tryin' to give Him the laugh? He gets you in the long run just the same; an' **YOU WANT HIM TO, RIGHT NOW**. What's the use, pretendin'? Jest raise up in your saddle now; and send a call to Him (He'll hear it!) Tell Him you want to be His man and draw His pay; tell Him you want to, bad; tell Him He can get **YOU** off'n His mind prontito,—for **YOU'RE IN RIGHT**.

THE MAN IS RIDIN' HERD.

Old Pete: (centre, front). He no longer speaks as a Westerner, because for the moment he has become not local but universal

Chinook comes down on every heart,—
 However hard it be;—
 However wire-fenced apart
 From all humanity.

Nor roof nor wall may bar it out;
 "Where'er it lists," it blows;
 Yield to it, lists rampart and redoubt
 Of ev'n "eternal" snows.

From battlefield and grave it pours;
From ruins, everywhere;
'Tis salt and damp and dim, because
The weight of tears is there.

Gethsemane and Golgotha,—
Chinook has swept these, too;
On its wide wings are glitterings
Of cold and bitter dew.

From the true, rugged North it falls
To serve its ministry: — — —
But O! the great Chinook of all,
It blows from CALVARY.

From the Three Crosses grim and stark
It bears a message trine:
Sighs dying Dysmas,—“Brothers, hark
“To Jesus’ Love Divine!”
Chinook’s harsh whistling straight is borne
From whom at Jesus’ side
Refused HIS tenderness forlorn — — —
The thief of sullen pride.

Chinook drives hammering like torn tides
Imperious, unrestrained,
O’er hearts past pity or prayer; it grides
And scourges, what is feigned.

But That which heeds the pleading flowers
Beneath the crushing snow;
Which leads the seeds to sunshine hours,—
Christ’s Cross made this to blow;

Chinook that looses Life to bloom,
From Christ’s Heart breathes it forth:
From Winter’s noose of dreary doom
Releasing radiance and perfume;
The gift of Sorrow’s North.

Beneath, Chinook’s broad, dusky wings
Are weariful to see;—
But O!—their upward surface gleams
With glimmerings of our dearest dreams — — —
With Light, O Christ from THEE!

FLORENS FOLSOM.

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